

APA-F:IK

GOES FOR BAROQUE
AND GETS BACH TO BASICS



J.S. BACH
b. MARCH
1685

25 FEBRUARY
1985

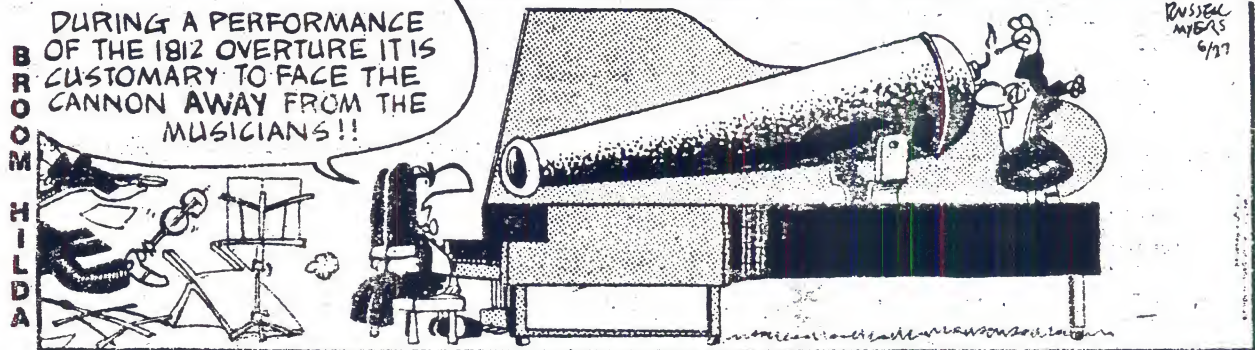
6TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE!

SINGSPIEL

25th Stanza
for APA-Filk
#25 - 6th

Mark L. Blackman, 1745 East 18th St. #4A,
Brooklyn, NY 11229 / 718-336-3255 /
January 18, 1985

Anniversary - and the 300th Anniversary of Johann Sebastian Bach's birth (thus the Cover)



---&---THE MELODY LINGERS : Comments on APA-Filk #24 (Hi, Greg)---&---

COVER: Sorry the lines were not sharper ~~than my wit~~. The point comes through though, I trust.

DISCHORD & DATCHORD/Randall McDougall: Welcome, finally. // For those who don't know, Dustbuster is a hand vacuum cleaner from Black & Decker (long before the movie GHOSTBUSTERS). // There's an old take-off on the original "Old-Time Religion" "Give Me That Old Unemployment" (ie, benefits) "...it was good for my father and it's good enough for me ... Oh, I get my check on Thursday [so did I] ... It's the racetrack every Friday..."

ANAKREON/John Boardman: One Neo-Pagan dismissed this batch as "just a bunch of Prometheus in-jokes." // Abby's #522 previously appeared as 379.

BEYOND THE LAST VISIBLE DOG/Vinnie Bartilucci: The Empiricon filking was opposite the Kuhn/Ikabod/Triangle concert and the party in your room. // Shantih write that song? ~~No he shan't~~. # Actually, Lee's answer to the Reaganomicists question (which I got her to write down at Hexacon last week, not having done so at last year's Hexacon) is:

Reagonomicists left in the dark must now make shift
At changing the lightbulb, so that they may see.
One does it all, ever since the other one was RIF'd.
You'll come a-changing the lightbulb with me.

RIF = Reduction (in this case Reduced) In Force, ie, firing (fired); rhymes with "if" - and "RIF'd" with "shift". She also provided a verse for ~~deep/deeps~~ followers of that Old Real-Time Religion:

Soft in the darkness glow the figures on the screen;
Hackers hunch over it, peering to see.
"That's a hardware problem. Get mechanics on the scene.
You change the lightbulb, and don't bother me."

// Your idea on selecting verses of over-long songs is good and sometimes even done. // Because of my last train ride to Boston (Amtrak is unable to handle holiday loads), I rode back in the van with you guys.

DR ORBIT VS THE TROUBLE CLEF/Charlie Belov: So the city also prefers being called SF. // Marching to Pretoria is safer than marching in Pretoria.

MOMUS' PHIZ: Calm and reasonable arguments. Who are you and what have you done with Greg Baker? The anti-nuke song confirms this. Don't worry, after nuclear winter comes ultraviolet spring.

Not-Cat, you've gotten to me. What is the national anthem of the People's Republic of China? (To the tune of "Meow Mix") "Mao Mao Mao Mao,

*Or is that the Cat's Republic of China?

Mao Mao Mao Mao, Mao Mao Mao Mao Mao Mao Mao Mao, Mao Mao Mao..." Actually, I doubt you'll even get this far before being forcibly suppressed. However "Chow Chow Chow" was suggested for Deng Xiao Ping.

JERSEY FLATS/Roberta Rogow: Welcome, finally to you too. As for "tangible recompense", this is called a "labor of love". // "The Crash Space Jig" also ends with them "go/ing/ down to the desk and giv/ing/ back one more key".

SOMEONE ELSE'S ROOM/Margaret Middleton: Nah, I don't think "99 Dead Polecats" is worth filking. When I first heard "99 Dead Baboons" (from "99 Red Balloons"/"99 Luftballons"), I didn't realize they'd done that many of those heart transplants.

BACOVER/Bartilucci: As I was writing when I cut off last time - and unlike what is written in the above Momus' Phiz - Greg was ranting about the inclusion of "non-germane" (to filk) material. "If I were OE," he said (that fateful August night), he would discard it all. Fortunately, he isn't. Also fortunately, filk is perfectly suited to target pompous, self-righteous, bullying, dictatorial attitudes. Well, should we filk to the tune of "If I Were a Rich Man" ("If I were the OE... there'd be no commentzines or con-flyers or politics opposite to mine") or Eddie Cantor's "If I Were President" ("there'd be no non-germane zines") or perhaps "If I Ruled the World" (you know, "If I Ran the Filk" might be appropriate for a song about the problems faced in filking rooms: which style, "Pass-or-Play", etc.). Go to it, Gang.

Greg Baker: "We cut a tape..."

Me: "But don't worry, they spliced it right back together."

1/19/85

This being an Anniversary Issue, it might be a good time to clear up a misconception. The Founders of APA-Filk are Bob Lipton (who became its first Management), John Boardman (present Management) and Lee Burwasser (who, regrettably, is, like Bob, deactivating here). Appearing in the first issue (the original membership, if you must) were, in order, me (I did the cover), Bob, Greg Baker, Harold Groot, John, Evan Jones, Lee and Mark Richards. It's no shame but it's no great honor either.

Speaking of Hexacon, for several years I've noticed at Marc Glasser's a copy of Martyn Green's Treasury of Gilbert & Sullivan and been casually looking for a used copy for my own library. I lucked out at a bookstore near the Hexacon hotel - a used copy, at less than half cover price, in quite good condition. Green's annotations are quite interesting. Unfortunately, it is not a complete collection of all G&S libretti/scores, "big, big D."

See some of you at collation and/or Boskone,



FFFFFFFF	IIIIIII	LLL	KKK	KKK	EEEEEEE	RRRRRRR	SSSSSS
FFFFFFFF	IIIIIII	LLL	KKK	KKK	EEEEEEE	RRRRRRRR	SSSS SSS
FFF	III	LLL	KKK	KKK	EEE	RRR RRR	SSSS
FFF	III	LLL	KKKKKK		EEEEEEE	RRRRRRR	SSSS
FFFFFFF	III	LLL	KKKKKK		EEEEEEE	RRRRR	SSSS
FFFFFFF	III	LLL	KKK KKK		EEE	RRRRRR	SSSS
FFF	III	LLL	KKK KKK		EEE	RRR RRR	SSS SSSS
FFF	IIIIIII	LLLLLLLL	KKK KKK		EEEEEEE	RRR RRR	SSS SSSS
FFF	IIIIIII	LLLLLLLL	KKK KKK		EEEEEEE	RRR RRR	SSSSS

DDDDD	000000
DDDDDDDD	0000 0000
DDD DDDD	000 000
DDD DDD	000 000
DDD DDD	000 000
DDD DDD	000 000
DDD DDDD	000 000
DDDDDDDD	000 000
DDDDD	000000

IIIIIIIII	TTTTTTTTTT
IIIIIIIII	TTTTTTTTTT
III	TTT
III	TTT
III	TTT
III	TTT
III	TTT
IIIIIIIII	TTT
IIIIIIIII	TTT

TTTTTTT	IIIIIIIII	LL	LL
TT	II	LL	LL
TT	II	LL	LL
TT	II	LL	LL
TT	II	LL	LL
TT	IIIIIIIII	LLLLLLL	LLLLLLL

DDD	AA	W	W	N	N
D DD	A A	W	W	NN	N
D D	A A	W	WW	N N	N
D D	AAAAA	W	WW	N	N
D DD	A A	WW	WW	N	NN
DDD	A A	W	W	N	N

verse 7, part 1

by Harold Groot, 2285 Deborah Dr.#2, Santa Clara, CA 95050

For those who may have wondered where I disappeared to for the last two issues, suffice it to say that there were urgent family problems at the times I normally write these articles (the last few days before the deadline). One relative died, another is expected to in the next few months (expressions of condolences are not necessary).

Things are still somewhat hectic, but I want to let everyone know I'm still out here and I appreciate the songs. I don't have the last few issues at hand, so I'll skip the GRACE NOTES section. As might be expected, I haven't been writing lately either, but I did make it to Worldcon for 3 days and to a couple of local sings. Gary Anderson has relocated to San Jose (although I had to miss his housewarming filk last Saturday). I also had to miss the 'Ose' sing at Peter Thiesen's the week before, but that was only due to the flu, a contribution from the Off Centaur crew from the filk the week before that. A busy January after a quiet fall/winter.

I mentioned a long time ago that there had been another case of parallel evolution in Jordin's Old Real-Time Religion. Steve Savitsky came up with the following verses and called the song "Old Time Computing". He has since put out a slim collection of songs called "Silver Ships and Iron Men", with slightly over a dozen songs. No fancy graphics, but the price is low and many of the songs are good. Since he has his songbook out, I won't steal any more of his songs for APA-Filk (well, hardly any...), but I would like to thank him for letting me use them.

There are several events coming up in the near future - I will probably not get to the West/Caid/Atenvelt war, but I still hope to get to Con-Chord II. It would certainly be nice if I could get my tape editing done from last year's filkcon before going to this one, but it will be close. Perhaps while I'm down there I can find the people who requested songs two years ago at Con-chord I - I lost the paper that had names, addresses and requests.

OLD TIME COMPUTING

Lyrics: copyright 1984 by Stephen Savitzky
Music: Old Time Religion

^C Give me that Old Time Computing
^G Give me that Old Time Computing
^C Give me that Old Time Computing,
^C It's good enough for me.

^C Oh the slide-rule's age is hoary
^G It has passed its hour of glory
^C But lives on in song and story
^C And it's good enough for me.

Oh the decimal system lingers
Used for counting on your fingers
Good for children and folk singers
And it's good enough for me.

Charles Babbage got things started
But he's long dead and departed
Left poor Ada brokenhearted
But he's good enough for me.

The machine designed by Turing
Has a history quite stirring
And it slowly keeps on whirring
And it's good enough for me.

Oh we all adore Grace Hopper
With her COBOL you can't stop her
There is no-one who can top her
And she's good enough for me.

Herman Hollerith is cursed de-
signed the punch card and what's worst he's
Buried face down nine edge first he's
Buried deep enough for me.

Dear old FORTRAN's still among us
Just keeps spreading like a fungus
But for crunching jobs humungus
It's still good enough for me.

Algol 60 had recursion
And though some say it's subversion
We've rejected the new version
60's good enough for me

LISP has deeply-nested EXPR's
CONSES CADDAR's and FEXPR's
So it's only used by experts
But it's good enough for me.

Old computers dwarfed their makers
With their tubes and circuit breakers
And they sprawled about for acres
But they're good enough for me.

Oh the IBM six-fifty
Had a memory quite nifty
On a drum revolving swiftly
It was good enough for me.

Oh the sixteen-twenty's famous
Couldn't add so who could blame us
When we called it ignoramus
It was good enough for me.

Well the B Fifty-Five Hundred
Thought in Polish and we wondered
Whether Burroughs might have blundered
But it's good enough for me.

Though computers seem like magic
We can think of other adjectives
That border on the tragic
And that's quite enough for me.

I'm back again, with more opinions, and the final version of something I've been mulling over for about three years.

CONVENTION REPORTS

1. The B.A.S.H. -- This is a strictly Trek/Wars/Media Con in Boston, the first weekend in November. Robin Curtis (the new Saavik) was CoH...her first Con, but I don't think her last. She was delighted with the fans, she gave us some inside dope on the new Trek movie (more on this later), and she accepted fanzines, filksongs, and other fannish stuff with a smile. I never did get to any panels, I was too busy selling 'zines! Three dealers' rooms, all busy, busy.

Filking has never been one of the B.A.S.H.'s strong points (can't think why...maybe not enough interest in Boston?), but T.J. Burnside and I held forth for about three hours on Saturday night, singing all the old standards we never get a chance to do because the old timers have heard them to death. With a new crowd, the old songs take on new life. She was able to sing ALL of "The Horse-Tamer's Daughter" by memory ...a feat somewhat akin to reciting the entire "Rime of the Ancient Mariner"!

2. Phil-Con -- This one was 'for me', i.e., I didn't have a table of my own to stick with, so I was able to get to panels. I didn't check in until 10 PM on Friday (Nov. 16) and then I went looking for a filk-sing. I found a room, but no singers, so I did my own thing for an hour until the rest of the gang showed up. Turned out they were listening to Clam Chowder. George Paczolt, Crystal Hegel, Jane Wilson and I played "can you top this" until my fingers gave up the ghost at 2 AM. I was finally able to sing "Leia Marlene" (thanx John, it went over beautifully); Crystal did the "Bill and the Writer" song, and so it went. The next day, Crystal, George and I held forth on a panel about the various styles of filking. With my 'folk/ethnic' background, I tend to steal the tunes from some pretty varied songs, but I write my own words. George writes the music, but uses someone else's words...which can lead to sticky situations if you don't get permission FIRST. Some writers are extremely possessive of their characters.

I spent a delightful day being a Fan instead of a Dealer, then went to dinner in the hotel restaurant, which was a mistake...not because of the food, which was fine, once we got it, but the service, which was AWFUL. The hotel was about to go under and the staff was deserting the Sinking Ship...particularly the chef! Try a Saturday Night in a restaurant with the apprentice chef, and you will learn the true meaning of the word 'despair'. There were people still standing waiting for tables an hour after we got in.

The other minor mishap had to do with the Masquerade...the local news station sent two cameramen who were at least a quarter bombed (they passed me on their way out, and I know gin when I smell it!) and made asses of themselves, with the result that the Masquerade was disrupted, and the Fans felt upset...and it destroyed the rhythm of the presentation, which had to be repeated.

After this little hassle I went upstairs to tune up and get ready for another filk. At that point, my Sinuses came into their own...they told me in no uncertain terms that I was NOT going to filk, I was going to lie down and rest. I told my sinuses to get lost. My sinuses SHOWED me that I was not going to filk. Sooooo...sorry, folks, but that one went to the sinuses. I had to take a dose of stuff that knocked me out, and I missed the filking that night. However, I was able to drive home the next day...presumably, I wouldn't have, had I not done what the sinuses told me to.

Overall comment of Phil-Con ...I had a grand time, I intend to juggle my schedule next year so I can return again...and this time, no sinusitis!

3. Creation /Thanksgiving -- what can you say about a Creation Con? A lotta dealers, a lotta noise, and they let me do two songs just before Merrit Buttrick came on...however, I held a sort of informal filk around my table. The most memorable thing I did was to tell Mark Hammill that he couldn't go through the door that I was strictly told NOT to let anyone go through (because it led to stairs behind the dealers tables). THEN someone said "Do you know who that was?" and I said "Oh My Cawd!" So much for Fame...I didn't recognize him without his Jedi cloak and light saber.

They're having another one in January, and they want me back, so I must be doing something right...but I hope they give me time to sing more than one verse of "Banned From Argo" this time around.

OUTRAGEOUS ARGUMENTATIVE OPINIONS

I read Randall McDougall's comments and the list of 'words that can be interchanged with other words to the same tunes'...and I cringed. There is more to a song than a set of words in a certain meter. There is an ambiance, a feeling that goes with the tune. When I set words to a tune, I mean them to be SUNG to that tune and no other. You can sing "Banned From Argo" to the tune of "Days of '49" ("Sweet Savage Vampire"), but the feeling is totally different, if only because one is in a bouncy major key and the other is in a plaintive minor. To use the one tune over the other words is jarring to me as a musician, as well as a verse-writer (I refuse to call myself a Poet.).

There are also the tunes that have an overtone that has nothing to do with their notes. A lot of people get very up-tight about using hymns (although "Battle Hymn of the Republic" is one of the more hackneyed filk-tunes) or songs with ethnic significance. There was an uproar in Star Trek Fandom about Scotty's playing "Amazing Grace" on the bagpipes at the end of Wrath of Khan, until someone pointed out that in Scotland it's the 23rd Psalm, and ALWAYS played at funerals...then some Scottish fans said it wasn't. And you do have to be careful with ethnic folk songs that may not be what you THINK they are from the sound of them!

Any comments from the rest of you????

THE SONG I GOOFED ON

At the PhilCon Filk, I started a song and flubbed the words so thoroughly I decided to finally get a Definitive Version. So here it is.....

"Combo" (to the tune of "Convoy")

It happened about a year ago, we were sitting around at the Con Registration hadn't opened yet, and nothing much was going on; Then someone took out a guitar, and someone started to sing, And before that Con was over, we'd taken charge of the whole damn thing...

We had a Combo!

Chorus: We got ourselves a Combo, Filking through the night,

We got ourselves a Combo, ain't it a beautiful sight?

Come on and join our Combo, filk both night and day,

We're gonna take this crazy Combo, across the Con today....COMBO!

We had one guy clicking a pair of sticks, and someone playing the spoons,
 We had someone playing a five-string banjo, with four strings out of tune;
 We had someone with an auto-harp, and someone tootled a flute,
 We had one, two, three, four, five guitars and one Medieval lute...

WOW, what a Combo!

We started with songs by Leslie Fish, then switched to Filthy Pierre,
 We sang ALL the verses to "Old Time Religion", including a few that weren't there;
 We sang Star Trek songs and Dorsai songs and Darkover songs and then
 We sang right through the NESFA*Hymnal, and started on Fish again,
 It was a Combo!

By Sunday we were slowing down, our fingers were sore and red,
 Our voices were down to a low bass croak, like the Night of the Living Dead.
 We packed up all the instruments, and set off, homeward bound,
 But next week there's another Con, and you know where we'll be found...
 At another Combo!

* You may substitute HOPSFA or Westerfilk

THE SONG THAT NEVER GOT PRINTED

The Guest of Honor at the Chicago WorldCon was A. B. Chandler. I wrote this after an extended course of Grimes (in both phases), and managed to give Capt. Chandler a copy, but I've never sung it at a filksing, partly because I can never remember the words, and partly because I can never find enough people who know who John Grimes IS to understand it. Maybe I'll have better luck with this audience:

"Chandler's Tales" (to the tune of ...what else?.. "The Chandler's Wife", also known as "The Thing")

As I went into a booksellers', some SF for to buy,
 I looked for A.B.Chandler's books, but none of them did I spy;
 Well, I was disappointed, and some angry words I said,
 And the man at the store went (* * *) and pointed above my head.

Well, I was quick and I was slick, and up the shelves I sped,
 I found a book and took a look, and there was Crimes in bed!
 And with him were two Alien gals, of quite considerable size,
 and they were having a (* * *) right before my eyes!

This fellow, Grimes, has very good time, it seems there's two of him --
 There's one that runs a Survey Ship and one that rides the rim.
 Both run a ship that's good and tight, with crew and cargo fed,
 And in each book it's (* * *) and there goes Crimes, in bed!

He's wedded in the Rim Worlds and he's bedded with a queen,
 He's dallied with the Survey, but he never was obscene;
 But whether it's fun or it's True Love, he's always been well-bred;
 His ladies all have no complaints, he's (* * *) in bed!

And now our Grimes is aging, and his loving days are done,
 And A.B.Chandler writes about the honors he has won;
 And when he gets his Great Reward and final breath has fled,
 We know just how he'll meet his end, with (* * *) in bed!

(The * * * stands for three claps, raps, or whatever.)

AND NOW, A WORD FROM OUR SPONSOR:

I still have a lot of REC-ROOM RHYMES #3 (\$3.00 by hand, \$4.60 by mail), even after the two Cons. REC ROOM RHYMES Omnibus is almost out-of-print -- I have about five copies left, and they're pretty battered. I don't know whether I should reprint a third time or not. I'm trying to find someone ELSE to foot the bill.

I have #1 and #2 of the MUZE; presumably, #3 is on the way. It's a good bargain, for \$2.00-- words, music, and a few decent articles, and the artword isn't bad either. I'll get some more of ENTERPRISE SING-SONGS when Geyle Puhl gets around to sending them to me but Cindy Lewis seems to be out of CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE FILKING KIND, which doesn't surprise me...anything with "Little Dead Smurfette" in it is a winner!

GRIP #20 will have some dandy filks in it...it's scheduled for February of next year. #19 is more serious, not too many filks. #18 has filks...weird ones, like "Leia of Alderaan", which got attributed to the wrong person.

I'll have my usual table at the New Years Creation Con, January 5/6 (I just realized this information will be useless to this collation, since it's in February!) and I have tables at ClipperCon and LunaCon. I don't know whether I'll be going to BaltiCon (it depends on my work schedule and finances); the next one after that will be the May Creation (whenever that is) and MediaWest Con, the Trek-meet in Michigan.

A FINAL STORY:

Filkers never give up Department: I sing in the choir in my synagogue, and one of the more beautiful songs is called "Sachki, Sachki", with the text from a poem in Hebrew, written early in the 20th Century...and a translation that is not only unreadable, it's unsingable! I know another translation (not used in the prayerbook), but it only covers two of the three verses. What to do? I am supposed to sing three verses, in Hebrew and English, but I refused to sing that last verse! Instead, I had our Cantor give me a word-for-word translation of the Hebrew, and came up with a version that is both literal and literate -- and singable!

May your Guitar strings never break....

Roberta Loxton

ANAKREON

#25, APA-FILK Mailing #25

1 February 1985

BUVONS OUTRE MESURE

by Lazare Carnot

((This drinking song was written by Lazare Carnot, the future organisateur de la victoire, Minister of War during the First French Republic, mathematician, engineer, and sire of a dynasty of French scientists and statesman. It was written sometime in the middle 1780s, when its author was about 30. I found it quoted in Claude Manceron's Their Gracious Pleasure, the third volume of his history of the French Revolution. I was dissatisfied with Nancy Amphoux's translation, and made one of my own. It is to a rather different meter, but the same rhyme scheme, one which seems to be rare in English verse. It can now be sung to the tune of "The Road to the Isles", which you probably know better as "Diamond Lily." - JB))

Buvons outre mesure
Aux enfants d'Epicure;
Buvons à tous les fous;
Messieurs les raisonnables,
Allez à tous les diables
Ou trinquez avec nous.

Noé, ce joyeux père
Qui montrait son derrière
Quand il avait bien bu
Valait, sur ma parole,
Cent fois mieux que le drôle
Qui rit de l'avoir vu.

Vous avez lu, peut-être,
Que la Grèce vit naître
Le docte Anacréon
Moquons-nous de l'histoire:
Il vaut beaucoup mieux croire
Qu'il était Bourguignon.

Pour triompher des belles,
Pour dompter les cruelles,
Avez du vin vieux:
Dans l'amoureux mystère
Nous ferions de l'eau claire
San ce présent des dieux.

Let us drink all we can hold,
To the epicures of old.
Let us drink until we kick up quite a fuss.
If your heads are cool and level,
You may all go to the devil,
Or you all may come and have a drink with us.

Father Noah felt so good
As he mooned the neighborhood,
When he'd shipped a load of wine within his gut.
He was worthier, goddamn,
Than his silly offspring Ham,
Who just giggled when he saw his father's butt.

In the books you may have read
That in Greece was born and bred
Old Anakreon, as wise as he could be.
There is nothing to that story,
Let us say, to give him glory,
That he really was a son of Burgundy.

To seduce a girl or so,
Or forget those who say no,
You should take another glass of vintage wine.
You cannot make love for sure
If you stick to water pure,
And ignore the workings of the gift divine.

YESTERFILK

IX. Military Filk, For and Against - Two Book Reviews

Several months ago, Neil Belsky left a rare old collection of military filksongs here, and since then his rare visits have not coincided with times when this matter was remembered, or anyone could find the book. His temporary loss is a gain, sort of, for APA-Filk. The book is Songs My Mother Never Taught Me (Gold Label Books Inc., N. Y. 1929), and it deals with military filksongs by the U. S. (and, from time to time, other Entente armies) during World War I. The compilers are identified as John J. "Jack" Niles, First Lieutenant, Air Service, O. R. C.; Douglas S. "Doug" Moore, Lieutenant (j. g.) U. S. Navy (ret.); and A. A. "Wally" Wallgren, Official cartoonist of The Stars and Stripes, A. E. F. Some 30 or 40 acknowledgements of assistance lead off the book, including the names of Maxwell Anderson, Alexander Woolcott, and several men identified as "colored".

By modern standards the book is pretty tame, and the editors no doubt thought they were being very daring when "son-of-a-----" achieved print (in that form). But, in the foreword, they admit:

"Under the heading of impracticable and unexpurgatable songs come many priceless things. Some time we'll have to run off a special edition for soldiers and sailors only and include them all - 'in full.'"

I don't know whether such a compilation ever appeared, but several collections of bawdy verse refer to a samizdat publication called Drinking Songs of the Fighting Marines, which may have included such material.

Songs My Mother Never Taught Me begins, of course, with "Mad'moiselle from Armentieres", itself a retread from the Napoleonic Wars, where it appeared as "Two Prussian officers crossed the Rhine, snapoo, snapoo." The subject matter of the printable verses got far beyond Mademoiselle, and became such general commentaries on army life as:

"The open shop can't get me sore,
It's closed saloons that rile me more.

"But there's a way if there's a will,
We'll run a little private still."

The compilers observe that negro* troops seldom sang "Mademoiselle from Armentieres". "The negroes would have very little of it. Why should they! Their ancestors had been inventing better songs ever since they learned the English language." They do not point out that, in those days, it would not been healthy for a black man to be heard singing the physical charms of a white woman.

Very few of the songs teed off on the Germans; the most common targets were the officers, the non-coms, and sometimes the allied armies or populations. It was this way that a whole generation of Americans got the idea that a Frenchwoman would fuck anything that moves, although in fact the French, particularly the peasantry, were as strait-laced as American farmers if not more so.

There is, of course, a highly bowdlerized version of "The Bastard King of England", "the original of which is ascribed to Tennyson, Walt Whitman, Dickens, Kipling and ever Whistler". Those of us who know the real version will be loftily amused at the extent of the editing job done on the first two verses in this book.

Robert Graves, describing those years as a junior officer in the trenches which so deeply affected his life and writings, cites several verses of a song called "Do You

* - The word "Negro" did not achieve capitalization in the United States until the late 1940s, and as recently as 20 years ago Dick Eney criticized me for using a capital "N". It still is not capitalized in Great Britain. I have not yet made up my mind about capitalizing the terms "Black" and "White" when applied to ethnic groups, and have on occasion employed both usages.

Oh the minstrels sing of an English king
 Who lived long years ago,
 How he ruled his land with an iron hand
 But his mind was weak and low,
 He was wild and woolley and full of
 fleas
 And his bloomin' beard hung down to his
 knees.
 Oh God save the bastard king of England.

Now he loved to hunt the bounding stag
 Within the royal wood,
 But most of all, he loved his gin,
 As every ruler should.
 His only under-garment was a dirty under-
 shirt,
 With which he tried to hide his hide,
 But he couldn't hide the dirt.

Want to Know Where the General Is?" Graves's version works its way down through the ranks, and doesn't find any worthwhile conduct until it gets to the lance-corporals. This book calls it "If You Want to Know Where the Privates Are".

Kipling, of course, is drawn upon. His "I Learned about Women from Her" becomes "I Learned about Horses from Her", describing a number of unpleasant experiences with artillery horses and pack mules. Such songs, of course, are now obsolete in the U. S. army, which now does not even have a decorative horse to carry an empty saddle in a military funeral procession.

There is a ridiculously bowdlerized version of "Columbo", of which the following verses will give you an idea:

"In fourteen hundred ninety-two a lad named Chris Columbo
 Put all geographies and maps up on the royal Bumbo.

He said the world was roundo, he said he'd find Chicago,
 That Genoese with the bumpy knees, that bozo named Columbo.

...Columbus went to Isabelle to stock up his exchequer,
 'Tis said he more than stocked it up - the dirty low home-wrecker.*

...Columbus had a second mate he loved just like a brother,
 They never went a single place, the one without the other."

"There is a legend," the editors add in a footnote, "about a group of American aviators who went to Rome, Italy, in the early spring of 1918 and sang the Columbo song in a very unexpurgated version. The Italians fortunately could not understand enough English to get what was happening. Next morning the newspapers printed quite a spread about the aptness of the American Army - how they had responded...with a song honoring Christopher Columbus. All of which proves that what you don't know doesn't hurt you."

As this was the first air war, the Air Service has a few songs in this collection. One well-known song was adapted to the Air Service with such lines as "Frankie she worked for the Red Cross, Johnnie he flew in the air..." Some of the Air Service's songs made fun of the ground crews - "kiwis", as they were called, after the flightless New Zealand bird.

The book ends up with the songs of the black military laborers whom the U. S. Army transported to the western front. (From time to time they saw some front-line action, but this was not the intention of the Army at the time.) These songs are the only ones that bypass the evil ways of the officers, or the foibles of our allies, and express a wish to be far away from the war itself. We have such lines as these, from "Sittin' in the Cotton", collected from "a Maryland outfit of negro engineers":

"When I thinks 'bout de doctors clippin' off a laig 'er two,
 I'd like to tell dose drafters at de Court House what to do.

* - Comic treatments of the dealings between Christopher Columbus and Queen Isabella I invariably contain some such innuendo as this. There is not a word of truth in it.

Oh, de States is full o' people tellin' how de war is fit,
But when hit comes to fightin', never fit a single bit."

And, finally, as a measure of the things preferable to war,

"When de grave diggers puts a million soldiers in de grave,
I think o' my grand-pappy, who lived and died a slave
Sittin' in de cotton where you don't give a dam..."

The last song in the book says it all. It bears the title "What Do the Colonels and the Generals Do", but it is more likely to be known by its chorus. As with all the songs in this book, the music is uncluded:

"Colonel said that Kaiser Wilhelm sure-
ly was a pest,
Dirty little job for Jesus.
Said I ought to lay the Kaisers hips* to
rest,
Dirty little job for Jesus.

CHORUS: Oh, what do the Generals and the
Colonels do
I'll tell you, I'll tell you
Figger out just how the privates ought
to do
The dirty little jobs for Jesus.

Now when I run away they said I was
afraid to die,
Doin' dirty little jobs for Jesus.
I said the only reason why I run was
'cause I couldn't fly,
Doin' dirty little jobs for Jesus.

CHORUS:
Fifty thousand privates died for demo-
cracy,
Dirty little job for Jesus.
Twenty major generals got the D. S. C. **
Another dirty little job for Jesus.

CHORUS:

We turn now to another book which relates music, war, and nostalgia. It is The Armageddon Rag (Poseidon Press, N. Y., 1983). The author is a man familiar to science-fiction readers, but to the best of my knowledge this is his first "mainstream" novel. He is George R. R. "Railroad" Martin, a member of the generation that was so deeply involved in the protests of the general period 1964-1971.

In those days a state of affairs existed which those who lived through it have trouble recalling as real, and which today's youth has difficulty in comprehending at all. Pacifists, veterans of the civil rights movement, and potential draftees for the war with Vietnam united not only in a movement of protest against that war, but in a cultural movement that promised to make drastic changes in American music, popular culture, education, and even economic and foreign policy. Law students of the present day may not believe it, but the law school graduates of that period scorned solid jobs with commercial law firms in favor of jobs that promised public service, often as public defenders. Similar motivations affected students in other fields. And it was all held together by a variety of music that grew out of the Beatles' style, but soon grew beyond them brought all the diverse strands of "the Movement" into a great unity.

The high hopes of that period went unrealized. The war, and politics-as-usual, dragged on and on. The same men who ran the government then, or their proteges, run it today. The colonels and majors in Vietnam are the generals who will soon lead U. S. troops into Central America or the Philippines. The war against Vietnam has been turned over by the United States government to a wholly owned subsidiary called "the Chinese People's Republic", which still occasionally sends a few hundred thousand troops south to batter "the Nam". The decisions that run the economy, government, and politics of this country are being made by the same processes, and frequently by the same people, who made them 20 years ago.

* - I'll bet anything you like that in the original this word was "ass".

** - Distinguished Service Cross. This identifies the song as American, since the British decoration of this name is given only in the Royal Navy.

George R. R. Martin is not the first person to try to ask why, or how, this happened. But his is one of the most moving and thought-provoking attempts to deal with the failure of the anti-war movement of those days. There has been much attention paid lately to novels by the battle-, bottle-, or needle-scarred veterans of the war with Vietnam, who are trying to explain to themselves and their readers what happened, then and since. Equal attention is due to The Armageddon Rag.

The book's protagonist is Sandy Blair, a sometime writer for a rock music weekly obviously intended to be Rolling Stone. One of the rock groups he covered, back in the days of the Movement, was the Nazgul - four young musicians who seem to have had the popularity of the Beatles, the reputation of the Stones, the panache of Kiss, and a location all their own, close to the heart of that era. The Nazgul came to an end in 1971, when the bullet of an unknown sniper cut down their lead guitarist at a huge outdoor concert in the southwest.

Now, a dozen years later, the Nazguls' agent has been gruesomely murdered, and Sandy is given a freelance assignment to do a story on it. He interviews the three surviving Nazgul, who in their 1983 incarnations are a roadhouse owner in New Jersey, a broken-down tramp musician in Chicago, and a well-heeled westerner. (This last one wrote the songs, hence owns the copyrights.) Sandy finds that sinister forces seem trying to revive the Nazgul and send them loose into the world again, complete with a chillingly look-alike substitute for the murdered guitarist.

Sandy abandons his fourth novel on page 37, where it had been terminally stuck anyhow, and tags along with the re-formed Nazgul to watch these developments. In the course of his travels around the country he runs into a number of the people he knew 15 years earlier. One radical revolutionary turns up in Chicago in a three-piece suit, having obviously bought in* to the system. Another is isolated on a remote commune in the southwestern desert. Still another is under private medical care, kept doped and somnolent. The most interesting to me of this lot is Froggy Cohen, an academic nomad who teaches sociology at one university after another, moving on when his sense of irony and cynicism gets too strong for the administration. I am not of the generation to and for which Martin is speaking; at the time of the "Summer of Love" I was already a 34-year-old assistant professor, tenured, happily married, and a father. But I have seen the contrast between the students of, say, 1970, and those of the present, and I can appreciate the lines Martin gives to Froggy about their utter somnolence.

"You remember how we wanted courses that were more relevant? The new breed wants relevance too, but for them relevance means Basic and Accounting and Introduction to Advertising...I'll tell you how bad it is - fraternities are coming back!"

Slowly, and with considerable difficulty, the Nazgul get back together. The old songs, and even a few new ones, are played to increasingly large and enthusiastic audiences. But Sandy discovers that some sinister management is promoting this whole business, from a very wealthy entrepreneur of that same generation who is trying to reconstruct the conditions of that era. It is as if preparations are being made for the return of a rock messiah, a "Rough Beast" to use Yeats's description - as the Nazgul do. And at this point I am reminded of nothing so much as the plot of the only book-length Conan story written by Robert E. Howard, which variously achieved publication as The Hour of the Dragon and Conan the Conqueror. This novel, written in 1934, begins with the resurrection of the corpse of an evil wizard from the long-dead Empire of Acheron, who learns that in the three thousand years since his empire died, new kingdoms have arisen on its territories, peopled by the descendants of the barbarians who overthrew it. The wizard sets a great war going, so that with the psychic force of all those deaths he can create a great spell which will wipe out 3,000 years of history and restore the Empire of Acheron as it had once flourished.

* - As Paul Krassner observed about the time that "the Movement" was beginning to pick up steam, "People don't sell out. They buy in."

The rankling mind behind this plot sees its dreams coming true as the revival of the Nazgul picks up steam. "The Movement" will be revitalized by the music, which was indeed a major part of the protest of those days. The concert audiences get larger and larger, and the Establishment starts actively opposing this development. The scene is set for the great spell that will wipe away the present and restore the past - at the same place where the Nazgul came to an end in 1971.

People who were too young to know the temper of those times can get a good idea of it by reading this book. Sandy's flashbacks, and his reminiscences with old friends, take us to long-forgotten major rock concerts, to the club-swinging police raid on McCarthy headquarters at the 1968 Democratic convention, and to the mind-set of the period, when it seemed that sufficiently dedicated young people devoted to their music could bring an end to war, racism, and exploitation.

The great extent to which the music of those years was important appears throughout The Armageddon Rag. Martin begins with a dedication to no fewer than 31 singers, duos, or groups, and "to lost innocence and bright, shining dreams". The acknowledgements for songs or poems quoted in the course of the book take up 1 1/2 pages of small print. There is even filk. As a prolog, Martin gives us the following verses by Stephen W. Terrell, written in 1981 and sung to the tune which Archie and Edith Bunker screech at the beginning of each All in the Family re-run:

"Oh, the way that Hendrix played
Everyone was getting laid
Dope was of the highest grade
Those were the days

All the things we're into then
Tarot cards, I Ching, and Zen
Mister, we could use a man like
Timothy Leary again!

Always knew who you could trust
Cruising in your micro-bus
They were them and we were us
Those were the days

Hardly needed any cash
Everybody shared their stash
Always had a place to crash
Those were the days!"

THE MINISTRY OF FINANCE

APA-Filk is a quarterly amateur press association for exchanging and discussing filksongs. The copy count is 50, but send a few extra to be on the safe side. APA-Filk is collated here on, or as close after as we can manage, the first days of February, May, August, and November. I can mail you your copies of APA-Filk for cost of stamps and the envelope. In fact, if you don't have your own printing facilities, just send me your contribution to APA-Filk on any kind of mimeo stencils that will fit on a Gestetner, and I'll print them for 1 1/2¢ per copy per sheet. If you want additional copies, beyond the 50 for APA-Filk, just let me know and I'll mail them to you.

APA-Filk accounts, as of 1 February 1985, are:

Charlie Belov	\$4.46	Margaret Middleton	\$1.36
Mark Blackman	\$12.06	Mark Richards	99¢
Sean Cleary	\$10.45	Michael Rubin	\$2.21
Harold Groot	\$4.24	Roberta Rogow	\$2.14
Jordin Kare	\$1.80	Pete Seeger	\$12.40
J. Spencer Love	\$5.64	Paul Willett	\$12.72

I would appreciate it if Kathy Sands, Peter Thiesen, and Randall McDougall would write to me about their subscriptions, as I seem to have some gaps in my records.

Accounts of Vinnie Bartilucci, Phil Cohen, Dana Hudes, and Bob Lipton are combined with their APA-Q accounts and are reported in APA-Q. Accounts which fall into arrears will be suspended. Presently suspended accounts are Harry Andruschak, Dave Klapholz, Dena Mussaf, Elliot Shorter, and Dana Snow. After postage costs for the

25 Mailing, your balance is _____.

GETTING CAUGHT UP

ANAKREON, a quarterly bulletin of and about folksongs, is published by John Boardman, 234 E. 19th St., Brooklyn, N. Y. 11226. It circulates through APA-Filk, for which details may be found on p. 6 under the heading "The Ministry of Finance". It also goes to other people who have expressed an interest in it; or whom I think may be interested.

ANAKREON #10, one of the issues in which verses of "That Real Old-Time Religion" were printed, has been out of print for a while. I have just reprinted it, and will be sending copies to people who ordered it. Verses of this Neo-Pagan folksong have appeared in #6, 8, 10, 12, 16, 20, and 24. The next collection will be in #28, on 1 November 1985.

APA-Filk Cover #23 (Blackman): Actually, mice do sing. Male mice, like male birds, defend territories of their own and sing challenge calls to other males. Most of the time, their voices sing frequencies too high for the human ear to hear. However a mouse may sometimes be heard, chirping away in the walls of a house, and then the newspapers carry brief squibs about "singing mice". Such a mouse would be a very deep bass by mouse standards.

Recently, Mickey Mouse tried to claim some territory this coming summer in the Radio City Music Hall, to the detriment of the traditional Rockettes. Apparently the strait-laced Walt Disney management felt that dozens of long-legged dancers, kicking in unison, are not the image that they ought to promote in connection with an upcoming Disney show there. The Rockettes took to the picket lines, and at last report got themselves reinstated in the production.

Strum und Drang V. VI, #3 (Burwasser): Thanks for the information about Word-smithy.

"Someday Mehitabel's guts will string a violin." Not likely, eh?

Momus' Phiz (Baker): Thanks for the background on the tune "Lili Marlene". In his World War II reminiscences, Up Front, the cartoonist Bill Mauldin mentions how popular "Lili Marlene" was on both sides during the North African and Italian campaigns. Some Allied soldiers salved their consciences about singing it by claiming that it was really an old French song that the Germans had appropriated. "Lili Marlene" is not the first song to have been claimed as booty of war. Just after the fall of Richmond, President Lincoln visited the city. Among the songs he ordered played was "Dixie", which, he quipped, had been captured from the rebels. Since it was of northern origin anyhow, this was appropriate. Apparently "Dixie" was an early version of those songs about Alabammy moons or Carolina girls, composed on Tin Pan Alley by hack songwriters who had never been south of Coney Island.

"Gravity!" was enjoyable, and scientifically accurate too.

Singspiel #23 (Blackman): It is said that the then Earl of Airlie, commander of a Highland regiment stationed in London, heard c. 1945 that his men had been taking to wearing "English unmentionables" under the traditionally sacrosanct kilt. So, he mustered them on the drillground within the Tower of London, and in that suitably secluded spot ordered them to doff their kilts. It is said that he found that about a third of his men had abandoned the traditional Scottish ideas on what to wear under the kilt. This is

Beyond the Last Visible Dog #3 (Bartilucci): Since Liechtenstein is a German-speaking country that was once part of the Holy Roman Empire, it probably has a better right to the tune "God Save the Queen" than does Great Britain. It was originally a German drinking-song, "Heil Dir im Siegekranz". ("Hail to Thee in Triumph Crowned.")

Beyond the Last Visible Dog #3.5 (Bartilucci): I have heard that one reason the youth of 1965-71 were so vehement against war and the Establishment is, that the great traumatic event of their formative years was either President Kennedy's assassination or the war with Vietnam. And this same article went on to say that the Great Traumatic Event for the present student generation was the seizure of the American hostages in Iran. They remember, as early teen-ages or pre-teens, the newscasters'

O At
P Great
E Intervals
R This
A Appears
T To
I Inflamm
O Optic
N Nerves

allegations of America's helplessness, and then their own parents' comments that an atom bomb ought to be dropped on those dirty wogs. So, by the time U. S. troops conquered Grenada, they had it fixed in their mind that "wimps" are losers, while quick tough action wins. When U. S. troops go into Nicaragua or the Philippines, we may even see this generation of college students singing satirical songs about cowards who don't want to go incinerate jungle villages the way Real Men would.

Sopfnen #3 (Willett): There'll allegedly be another opportunity for songs about what will happen to Kansas, when ABC-TV gets its next special going. A conservative "media-watch" group accused ABC of being pro-Communist because it ran The Day After, and asked if they'd do a piece about how bad a Soviet occupation would be. Why, yes, said ABC's president, and so plans are reportedly in the works for a show to be called Topeka, Kansas, USSR. It'll presumably be another

Oh, you can give marriage a whirl,
If you've got some cash in your purse.
But don't marry no one but a Kansas girl,
For no matter what happens, she's seen worse. - Traditional

of these evil-Communist-occupation-army-terrorizing-innocent-Americans things, as if Red Dawn hadn't pre-empted this line. But it's an old story to us science-fiction fans; C. M. Kornbluth wrote Not This August more than 25 years ago. (It's even been updated since Kornbluth's death.) Presumably ABC will try to make us believe that the last scene of The Day After would be preferable to the first scene of Topeka, Kansas, USSR.

Thanks for the filkcon reviews.

APA-Filk Cover #24 (Blackman): PS 666, eh?

Singspiel #24 (Blackman): It's been my understanding that "Bredon" is pronounced as you give it: "Breed'n". There's a reference, I think, to a Bredon Hill in one of Houseman's poems.

Dischord & Datchord #1 (McDougall): Welcome aboard! Thanks for the OVFF award information; I hadn't seen it elsewhere.

Last weekend, on a rebroadcast of an old Prairie Home Companion which I hadn't heard first time out, someone suggested that Robert Frost's "Stopping by the Woods on a Snowy Evening" could be sung to the tune of "Hernando's Hideaway", a pop tune of the 1950s. They then proceeded to do so.

Momus' Phiz (Baker): I see that the force of an oncoming song cannot be diluted by your conviction that the attitudes induced by the song would be a Bad Thing. I am reminded of the way in which the great revolt against the Catholic intellectual, cultural, and religious domination of Europe was led by men most of whom were Catholic clerics. When a Second John in the National Guard makes up songs against nuclear weapons, we don't have to be Weathermen to know which way the wind is blowing, and that it's a bit less likely to be carrying nuclear fall-out.

Barking and Entering (Not-Cat, franked by Belov): Swing is ahead of Ishtar - she's already taught Anthony to pet her.

Jersey Flats #1 (Rogow): It's a pleasure to have a filker of such quality and quantity of output as yourself.

Strum & Drang V. VI, #4 (Burwasser): We're sorry to see you depart, and hope it's only temporary.

They'll Sing in Someone Else's Room This Time #13 (Middleton): The verse of "That Real Old-Time Religion" which begins "We will sacrifice to Loki..." was written by Fred Kuhn. It is the 299th verse in the Canon, and I printed it in ANAKREON #10.

Congratulations on your new offspring.

Sopfnen #4 (Willett): And congratulations on yours. This seems to be a popular activity in APA-Filk families in the past year. Deirdre and Chris made us grandparents on 24 June. Deirdre and Anthony are with us now, and will be until Chris's hitch in the Marines is up, early this summer.

*

This Mailing is being physically assembled on the evening of 2 February 1985. It was rainy and sloppy on Friday, and about 10 centimeters of snow fell today, so the delay of the mails may keep a few intended contributions from arriving on time. The next Mailing, #26, will be collated here on Saturday 4 May.



BEYOND THE LAST VISIBLE DOG #5

Hello, seekers! Here we go again, and hello to the cynic in YOU who still believes that filkers sing on key, and that faithful puff is just a cat crooning on the back fence. Well, he's smarter than you are. He sings in the dark so nobody knows who he is. And you probably don't even know who you are.

Luckily, I know who I am, (Vinnie Bartilucci, see?) and I'm here at my hidden mountain base at 45 Newburgh St. Elmont, NY 11003, busily cranking out another of my mind-blowing issues of Beyond the Last Visible Dog (number 5, in fact, for APA-Filk #25 [happy silver issue, us!]) including for a limited time only, absolutely no Real Gas Music from Jupiter! This has been classified as Tunrtwistpull Press #30. All enclosed (except where noted) is copyright 1985 by Vinnie Bartilucci. (that's me, you know.)

(Isn't this a great typeface?)

HELLO

Kind of a slow quarter, I guess. School taking up a lot of time, my job taking up a lot, (of course, working in a bookstore isn't exactly bad...) and fandom taking up most of the rest. I do plan to pop out to Con-Chord in March, proving beyond a shadow of a doubt that I have lost my mind, (don't miss it much, either...) and I will bring some spec issues of this APA to shell out to likely looking ~~anyways~~ people.

I guess false modesty is not all that bad, so rather than proclaim loudly and boisterously that I made one of Off-Centaur's Worldcon tapes, I'll just calmly state it, perhaps in the middle of a joke or something. As soon as I figure out a nice, tasteful way to do so, I shall. Watch this space for details.....

Music News

Well, the new Barnes and Barnes album ,Amazing Adult Fantasy, finally came out. I think it's their best album so far, musically and technically. It runs the whole spectrum of silliness, from little at all ("Don't you Want to Go to the Moon", with guest vocals by Steve Perry,) to extremely ("I'm Gonna Grow a ZZTop Beard.") This album has little wrong with it, and I hope another follows real soon.

O, well, I guess I'll do some comments.

-----><-----
APA-Filk #24 *opinions= COMMENTS
=====><=====}{=====}[=====

COVER(Mark Blackman) The print was weak, the joke wasn't.

SINGSPIEL (Also Mark) ct Cover- I didn't notice all that much seriousness at the filks, though organization was kind of necessary to prevent the breakout of total madness (in the derogatory sense,) at circles the size of small

towns./The Lobbying for Paul's Hogu was almost unnecessary once we told everyone the proper spelling of Philk-Fee-Nom-Ee-Non.//ct flyer-Well, Greg has somewhat of a point. The bit about mailing comments is silly, but Sachs' flyer had nothing to do with filk, this APA, or anything except his own desire to bust on anyone who doesn't like him. (He's a busy man.) We put it in because we're against censorship. I just threw my copy away.//

DISCHORD & DATCHORD (Randall McDougall) Many welcomes to our motley crue.//Do you have the word's to any of the Dustbuster's stuff? I'm the one who missed them at Worldcon.....// If I'm too tired to notice/find/read name badges at Con-Chord, will someone point out Frank Hayes to me? I don't know why I like his stuff, but I do. (Birds of a feather, I guess.....)//Bardic Hyperboles would be a bit exaggerating, too.//

MOMUS' PHIZ (Greg Baker) Anyone who's read recent issues of Professor Boardman's zine, Dagon, will know that a nuclear freeze is what we'll get either way.....//

JERSEY FLATS (Roberta Rogow) Well, if it's dumb and tacky, it's welcome here at APA-Filk.//

STRUM UND DRANG (Lee Burwasser) Oh, well, farewell, until things improve..

THEY'LL SING IN SOMEONE ELSE'S ROOM THIS TIME (The slightly lighter Margaret Middleton) ct Paul-Yim-thit-dat-got-rit-cuss/By now, Gary has already moved back to California, with Janet Wilson in tow.//Charlie does not do Mewd Conduct. Not-Cat does Mewd Conduct. Charlie cleans the keys on his typewriter when he's done.

BACKCOVER(me.) Get out your magnifying glasses, folx, the issue info is on the cover.

This has been a time of many abortive efforts, but few completed songs. I had an idea for a 2010 tune , to the tune of King of Pain, ("There's a big spot on Jupiter's face today/ And it's getting much bigger every single day....") & a filk about sports on Arrakis. ("Catch a worm and you're ridin' on top of the dune....") My problem is the same as Greg's; I'm a bari-tenor- bass, (depnding on what mood my throat is in,) and few new songs are written in my Key. I really must take a course in music theory or something so I can learn about Keys and chords and all that stuff. (As Janet Wilson and I will attest, use of an Omnichord requires very little musical training.) I do have some stuff, tho...

I finally finished a song I spoke of previously, with the following results.....

99 Fans a Room
By Vinnie Bartilucci
Copyright 1984

Tune:99 Red Balloons (or 99 Luftballons if you understand German.)

You and I at an SF con
Get a hotel room with the money we've got.
Friends come by, and with looks sincere,
Say "There's no room; can I crash here?"
Come on in and grab some floor;
I'm sure there's room for one fan more.
Cons are never dull with gloom
With 99 fans in every room.

99 fans everywhere
Sleeping on each bed and chair.
My legs are numb, they've lost all feeling,
I'm shocked there's room up on the ceiling.
Things soon go from bad to worst
"Get out of that tub, I saw it first!"
My blood pressure upward zooms
with 99 fen here in my room.

Tiptoe...
thru
the
margins....

99 fans a room
 Filking till the crack of doom.
 Some sing tenor, others bass.
 Each in his own key and pace.
 Folks who think it's not a crime
 to do Banned From Argo "one more time!"
 They'll do damn near every tune
 These 99 fans here in my room.



Dance pattern for
 Lord of the Dance
 (Slow, lovely.)

99 fen fin'lly sleeping
 while I sit here sadly weeping
 It's all over; my brains are wiltin'
 In this dust that was a Hilton.
 Tried to sleep, I thought I might,
 But it's already Sunday night.
 Next time to a con I go,
 If someone asks, the answer's "no."



Dance pattern for
 The Curly Shuffle
 (Quick, funny.)

There are people who say that drinking is bad. There are people who say that D&D is bad. This song is about the hideous evil stuff I've come in contact with.....

The SF Sermon Song
 By Vinnie Bartilucci
 Copyright 1984

Tune: Cigareets and Whusky and Wild, Wild Women

Well, once I was happy, but now I'm in strife.
 I had enough money to last me for life.
 Then I met a girl who was of fannish ilk.
 She showed me conventions and how to sing filk.

CHORUS

SF cons and Tully and all-night filkin'
 They'll drive you crazy; they'll drive you insane.
 SF cons and Tully and all-night filkin'
 They'll drive you crazy; they'll drive you insane.

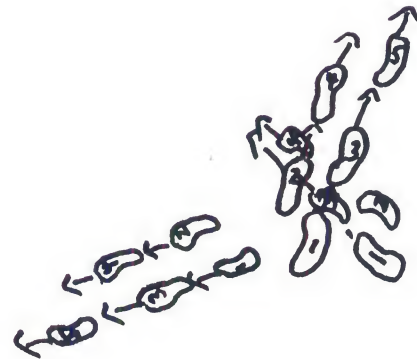
Now you may love conventions; to them you will go,
 But one every weekend can run into dough.
 You bring lots of money for food and room fare,
 You may only eat once, but you don't really care.

CHORUS

One guy who's a sinner; a criminal true,
 Was the guy who discovered the Tullimore Dew.
 Don't ever get hooked I tell you as a friend.
 If you've tasted it once, then you'll "dew" it again.

CHORUS

If filksongs are sung, then there's sin in the place.
 Bardic circles are wheels in the Devil's mad race.
 With Frank* singing silly and Gary his Ose



Dance Pattern for any
 Frank Hayes song.
 (All scatter in every
 direction at once.)

Eventually it will lead to Chaose.

CHORUS

So don't be a trufan, it just leads to sin.
Beelzebub welcomes you when you come in.
All filkers and fans will eternally burn.
Now If you'll excuse me; I think it's my turn!

SF cons and Tully and all-night filkin'
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane.
SF cons and Tully and all-night filkin'
You can try to quit, but you'll be back again.

* Or Clif, or Jane, or whoever happens to be in the room/earshot.

Like I said, not a very voluminous time. Owell, I'll see some of you at Con-Chord.

Till Steven King writes a
sequel to the Necronomicon,
This Is.....

Vincent B.

JAN 14, 1985

FROM MARGARET MIDDLETON

PO Box 1256, MOUNTAIN HOME, AR 72653

FOR APA-FILK & IRREGULAR APA

THIS GOT DELAYED IN THE COMPOSITION BY A COMBINATION OF JOB HUNTING, SOLSTITIAL HOLIDAYS, AND FLU, SO IT MAY NOT GET TO SHARON IN TIME FOR THE WINTER MAILING. IT SHOULD GET TO JOHN B IN TIME FOR APA-FILK, THOUGH.

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN SEVERAL YEARS, I AM MISSING CONFUSION. ~~THIS~~ MOSTLY BECAUSE OF THE NEW JOB I STARTED RIGHT AFTER NEW YEARS. I HAVEN'T BEEN HERE LONG ENOUGH TO EITHER TO HAVE VACATION TIME AVAILABLE OR TO ASK FOR DAYS-OFF WITHOUT PAY (PROVIDING I GOT THE WORK DONE BEFORE LEAVING). IT IS INTERESTING WORK, THOUGH; WITH A GLASS COMPANY, READING ARCHITECT'S DRAWINGS AND DOING ESTIMATING TAKEOFFS.

I DID MAKE IT TO CHAMBANACON FOR A THIRD CONSECUTIVE YEAR, THOUGH. SINCE MY FIRST CHAMBANA (#5), SOMETHING HAS UP-TO-NOW ALWAYS OCCURRED TO KEEP ME HAVING TO MISS ABOUT EVERY THIRD YEAR. MAYBE THE HEX HAS BROKEN, FINALLY. (KNOCK ON FORMICA).

I'VE ALSO GOT ISSUE #14 OF KANTELE CAMERA-READY. MAILING IT OFF FOR PRINTING ALSO GOT DELAYED BY THE NEW JOB/FLU PARLAY, SINCE I WANTED TO INCLUDE AN UPDATED ROSTER-BOOK

READY TO ENCLOSE WITH THE MAILING. THAT IS
 DUE BACK FROM THE LOCAL PRINTER TODAY
 AND I SHOULD GET THE BUNDLE CLOSED-UP
 TONIGHT FOR MAILING AT LUNCH-HOUR TOMORROW.
 I AM ALSO PLANNING A MAILING TO FILK FOUNDA-
 TION MEMBERS WHO HAVE LAPSED MEMBERSHIP
 SINCE I MOVED AWAY FROM LITTLE ROCK: I FIGURE
 THERE IS A 66% POSSIBILITY OF THE POST AWFUL
 HAVING LOST EITHER MY REMINDER-NOTES OR
 THEIR RENEWAL-LETTERS, ~~so~~ BESIDES MY HAVING
 BEEN RATHER REMISS IN GETTING THE REMINDERS
 OUT ON-TIME. SO THERE WILL BE AN EXTENSION
 OF RENEWAL OPPORTUNITY (AND A COPY OF THE
 UPDATED ROSTER SENT ALSO AS LAGNIAPPE).
 I'LL BE SINGING SOME OF THE SONGS FROM K-14
 AT MICROCON THIS COMING WEEKEND BY WAY OF
 PUBLICITY.

I'M TRYING TO TURN KANTELE INTO MORE OF
 A NEWSZINE, WITH PERHAPS FEWER SONGS PER ISSUE,
 IN HOPES OF BEING ABLE TO GET IT OUT MORE
 FREQUENTLY. REVIEWS OF FILK PUBLICATIONS AND
 TAPES ARE SOLICITED; AND FILKISH CONREPORTS;
 AND GENERAL COMMENTARY ON FILKING. THE MORE
 MATERIAL I ONLY HAVE TO TYPESET THE EASIER IT
 WILL BE TO STAY ON-SCHEDULE.

Margaret

IN THE KEY OF OFF by Gail S. Kaufman, 145 East 15 St., N.Y., N.Y. 10003

For some time I have been reading and sometimes even enjoying APA FILK, something ~~that~~ made me want to jump in and write something. Then, on 11 January, at the annual dinner of the Adventuresses of Sherlock Holmes, to celebrate the Master's 130 birthday, between the courses of the dinner, a song, that can be easily adapted for fans came forth and assaulted the eardrums of the diners.

Sung to the tune of POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE

MY RIENDEER* FLIES SIDEWAYS
YOUR RIENDEER DOES NOT
MY RIENDEER FLIES SIDEWAYS
YOUR RIENDEER FLIES UPSIDE DOWN
MY RIENDEER FLIES SIDEWAYS
YOUR RIENDEER IS DEAD. attributed to Professor Moriarty.

*dragon may be substituted.

In the last issue, Greg Baker complained that most music was witten for altos and castrati. Since it is highly unlikely that he will ever be an alto, perhaps.....

[illegible]

Nintynine little blue smurfs on the wall, 99 little blue smurfs,
if one of the smurfs should happen to splat,
98 little blue smurfs on the wall

ETC. (and ad nauseum)

The idea of splatting smurfs is one that gives me a great deal of pleasure, someday on to better thing, like decapitating cabbage patch kids.

On that note of violence, Let me take my exit, I just saw the sign.

Jail

